

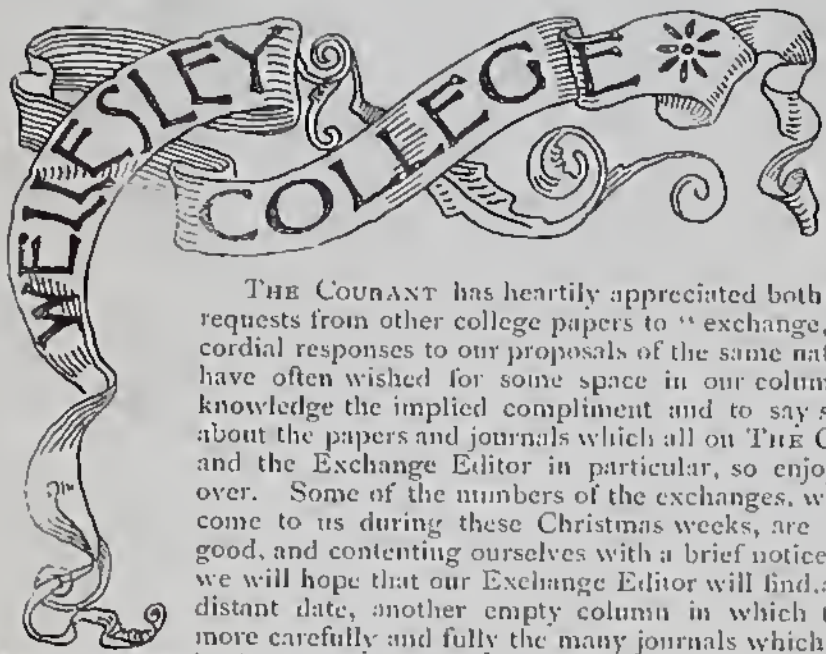
The Courant

College Edition.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.



THE COURANT has heartily appreciated both the many requests from other college papers to "exchange," and the cordial responses to our proposals of the same nature. We have often wished for some space in our columns to acknowledge the implied compliment and to say something about the papers and journals which all on THE COURANT, and the Exchange Editor in particular, so enjoy looking over. Some of the numbers of the exchanges, which have come to us during these Christmas weeks, are especially good, and contenting ourselves with a brief notice of those, we will hope that our Exchange Editor will find at no very distant date, another empty column in which to review more carefully and fully the many journals which we have not room to notice in this issue.

THE COURANT could not have wished for a more delightful New Year's gift than "The Collegian," which has lately been received. Before us lies the magazine with the significant "Vol. I No. I" on its cover. Most assuredly the new enterprise, just entered on what we hope will be a long and most prosperous career, should be heartily supported by collegians all over the country. As stated in a prospectus of the magazine, appearing in one of our fall numbers, "The Collegian" is a journal devoted entirely to the interests of undergraduates of all colleges, and is to contain among all its matter but one paper in each issue from the pen of some distinguished graduate. It follows necessarily that undergraduate literature has an opportunity to display itself, such as it has never had before, and equally necessarily that the standard of literary excellence will not only be raised, but that the impetus given by this venture to the student writer will urge him on most surely to reach the new goal.

The magazine is edited by Mr. Samuel Abbott, Williams, '87, and if the first number is an index to those that are to follow, we could not wish it to be in better hands.

No department likely to make the magazine popular or of value is left out. Sketches, stories, essays, poems, correspondence from all colleges, including letters from Berlin, Oxford, Paris, Vienna, etc., athletics, discussions on college questions, are all to be found in its pages. The first number contains a most interesting paper on "Harvard Reminiscences of Fifty Years Ago," by Edward Everett Hale, a fine bit of word landscape, by a "Harvard Junior," while a poem, "Incompleteness," by Kent Dunlap, Wellesley '90, adds materially to our interest in the opening number. Besides these papers there are many others, poems, sketches, etc., equally entertaining and all, without exception, of good literary excellence.

Let any should think that the fellow-feeling of being extremely young, has made us too "wondrous kind" in our sentiments towards "The Collegian," we only say, "read this number yourself and see if you do not agree with us in praising it."

Our best wishes not only for this new year, but for many happy years to follow, are extended to "The Collegian."

On looking over the Christmas number of the Troy Polytechnic, we heartily agree that the pride of the editors in that number is not only pardonable but quite justifiable. The cover is very tasteful and informs us that bright cherry is the Institute color. There is very little scientific matter in this number, its place being usurped by delightful reading matter—a sketch of Edinburgh, "A Day in Ceylon," a terse paper on "Honesty is the best Policy," and a short account of the Institute, which informed us, we are sorry to say, of the somewhat embarrassed financial condition of that splendid college. Besides these articles of general interest, many pages are devoted to college affairs highly entertaining to the initiated undergraduates.

We cannot help admiring the holiday appearance and contents of the *Brunonian* (which, in its Christmas gaiety of dress, cannot surely be called "owl-like looking"), although we could find it in our hearts to wish that there might be an occasion for saying something a trifle malicious, but the truth is it is a very creditable sheet, and gave us great pleasure in looking it over. Some good poetry, an entertaining little story, and a short paper on the advantages of studying law, constitute the body of the paper.

The *Harvard Advocate* in its clean, pretty dress of white and crimson, was very welcome. In our opinion this paper is "put up" in excellent taste. The type and paper are good, and it is a positive pleasure to handle the *Advocate*, so convenient is the size of its pages.

Vassar and Lasell (we hope we spell "Lasell" correctly) have both sent us their holiday papers and both are especially good.

Among our exchanges we number the *Outing*, an illustrated monthly magazine of recreation. This journal is of no college, but takes a large and kindly interest in academic affairs and devotes in each issue many pages to discussions of them. In the Christmas number we find a long and most entertaining account of athletics at Harvard, in which the "Varsity crew," the Lacrosse and foot-ball teams are reviewed. Of course we cannot take such a profound interest in this magazine as our athletic brothers, but all of us can thoroughly enjoy the good articles of general interest which never fail to appear in it.

All may be interested to know that some place will soon be arranged for, where our exchanges can be read and enjoyed by the whole College.

Mrs. Potter's Home School, Everett, Mass.

B. L. D., '87.

The busy life which always surrounds the student has here been pleasantly varied by glimpses of outside life in the shape of visits and visitors. Among the latter must be mentioned Prof. Perkins, who, in his inimitable way, brought forward some interesting points in Shakespeare and the classics. Another visitor was Miss Johnstone who has lately returned from France. She is connected with the McCall Mission and spoke to our McCall circle concerning the work in Paris. It was very interesting, and recalled to some of us the entertaining talk given in Wellesley a few years ago by Mr. Newall of Paris.

Among recent recreations the Mother Goose party proved a social success. The Queen of Hearts presided with a dignity undiminished by the somewhat sticky accompaniment of tarts.

For out-of-door recreations there have been pleasant rambles about the country, partly in search of that perfect health which is the object of the hour's exercise in the open air; partly also, in the longer jaunts, in search of knowledge and experience. Especially interesting have been the trips to Crescent beach, Woodlawn cemetery, Perkins Institute for the Blind in South Boston, the Soldiers' Home in Chelsea and the Art Galleries and Museum of Boston. The new Y. M. C. A. is attracting much attention in Everett at present and there have been several excellent entertainments. The latest development in connection with this institution

has been the gymnasium. It is to be in running order by the New Year, when the young ladies of the Home School, under the direction of one of its teachers, will begin regular work. We hope that Miss Hill will visit us soon and impart some of her enthusiasm.

College Notes.

After three weeks of silence, the Wellesley bells began to ring again Thursday morning last.

In returning to college after a vacation of any length we are interested to note the changes which have been made about the college grounds during our absence. When we returned last fall our inquisitive gaze met in astonishment the walls of the new Art building which were then beginning to assume definite outlines. At the end of this Christmas vacation we find its exterior nearly completed, while the work in the interior is being rapidly pushed forward. The plan of the building is especially adapted to its use and presents in execution a building of admirable symmetry and imposing magnitude. It is composed virtually of three parts: a west wing which faces the main avenue; the center which composes only the large lecture room with its corridors; and the east wing. In passing through the large entrance from the front we stand in a square hall or vestibule with two very spacious rooms on each side. These are to be used as galleries and in them will be placed the most valuable pictures and the finest pieces of statuary. There are no rooms above them, but they are open to the ceiling. Two smaller rooms on each side of the entrance will also be used for engravings, works in black and white, or anything of that order which may be collected. Above these little rooms and the entrance hall are three rooms commanding a beautiful outlook. They may serve for the annual exhibition of the work of the art students and also may contain many of the models and casts, though no decisive arrangement has been made as to the furnishings of the rooms. Passing across the corridor from the entrance hall, we enter the large lecture room which will be used chiefly by the History of Art department. This accommodates 300 people and is also open to the arched roof. On the four sides of the lecture room are long corridors which will be used as galleries, containing principally pictures relating to the work in the History of Art course. There are three rooms in the rear wing. The center one is the library of the same department and on both sides are the laboratories for the first and second year students. A little to one side in a secluded corner is the cosy little study of Prof. Denio. Above these rooms and the corridors are eight studios where the students of the Art department will work. They are lighted both by windows and sky-lights, and as the morning or evening sun floods them, they seem almost ideal places in which to work. In all probability the Art building will be ready for use next fall and will be the open door to many years of delightful labor. Mr. Rotch of Rotch and Tilden of Boston, who are the architects, will, it is hoped, give a course of lectures to the college next term on the subject of architecture, and will touch upon the ideas carried out in the architecture of this building. The lectures will be of universal interest to the students.

How to raise money for the Chapel Fund is the absorbing question which engages public effort and private enterprise. In one of our smaller houses a tall silk hat stands perpetually on the hall table, soliciting pennies for this great and noble object. It has a piece of paste board across the inside with a pathetic inscription upon it and a slit wide enough for a silver dollar to go through. This admirable receptacle has only succeeded so far in fetching in a harvest of pins and buttons, valuable no doubt in their place, but hardly raising our poor Chapel Fund much higher than it was. But the most successful device in the line has proved to be a Dumb Musical Bank. This wonderful mechanism has two negro minstrels, posed in the front of the bank, one playing the banjo, the other standing ready to dance. When the magic penny slips in at the slit in the side of the bank, it touches a spring and sets going some clock work. The clock work causes the minstrel in front to dance and caper about wildly. This sounds like a very simple toy, but it is astonishing the interest and admiration it gains from all, Faculty and Freshmen alike. The other morning one of the first named body came into the Main Building at the east door during Silent Time. Noticing the bank and the inscription above it as she passed, she considered it her duty to drop in a cent and see how it worked. No sooner had she obeyed this impulse than the apparently and confessedly Dumb Musical set up a most lively and unexpected chatter, which considerably alarmed the charitable F. and disturbed the peace of Silent Time. Those interested will be glad to know that business in this Bank is booming in more senses than one. It has taken in four dollars and three cents at last reports. Any one desiring to see and experiment for himself will find the Bank on the first floor near the President's Office.

N. B. NO BUTTONS. THE SLIT IS TOO NARROW FOR ANY THING BUT PENNIES.

The query has been put to the COURANT editors why the recent poem by our Editor-in-chief, published in the December *Wide Awake*, did not reappear in the COURANT. Now that the witty poetess, who is to blame for the oversight, has departed for a short time, the ignored associates rise to explain. When the request was made, our Editor stoutly refused to comply, saying that the poem was not "academic." Not even was it permitted to take its proper place under the Outlook, though it be a plea for woman's rights in disguise, and when the time was ripe for action and the coast was clear, behold! all copies had been given away and we were left repining. But there are yet Christmas numbers to come.

The class of '89 has been this vacation the unfortunate loser of two of its members, Miss Elizabeth Byington and Miss Frances Palen, who through ill-health will be obliged to postpone their course until next year.

Miss Mary Dascomb, who will be pleasantly remembered by Wellesley Alumnae as teacher of Rhetoric and Essay-Writing in the early years of the College and who has since been doing efficient service as a missionary in South America, landed at New York last Tuesday.

We notice in the December number of *The Cosmopolitan* a poem by Margaret Steele Anderson, a special student at Wellesley last year. We print on our second page to-day a sonnet given by Miss Anderson to the COURANT.

Dulce Est Desipere In Loco.

An Associate Professor, she,
With a mind as big as big could be,
So large, in fact, that in its space
The class-room letters lost their place.
So to insure a more speedy connection
Between teacher astray and desolate section,
Upon her desk was laid this verse
In which appears with language terse,

THE SCHEDULE OF LITERATURE V.
(After Ed. Sp.)

When since the Sabbath Phœbus twice has threwn
His dewy beams high over Wellesley Hills
(In other words, on Tuesday afternoon),
Division A Room C with ardor fills;
Soone into G the other section spills.

Next day Room F the first division holds,
Room E their sisters—so fell Fortune wills.
On Friday I or E these wights enfolds,
While all the time Miss Blank their fertile fancy moulds.

The pigeonholes in Professor Wenckebach's writing desk are labeled in logical sequence. For example, over one is written "Graduates," over the next "Matches."

A member of the Board of Directors recently visited the Physics laboratory when all were busy.

Mr. S.: "Hm! Ah! Is there a teacher in charge of this class?"
Miss Baldwin, very quietly: "Yes, sir." Then: "Shall I show you our apparatus?"

Mr. S. in a tone of gentle reminder: "Have you done all these experiments?"

Miss Baldwin, still more quietly: "Yes, sir."

A letter has been received from one of our former students who has begun to teach. Information is asked about a book which helped her very much while in College, but whose name she cannot recall as she has lost her note book.

Instructor in 1886: "Miss J., will you debate in favor of Woman Suffrage?"

Miss J.: "My convictions against it are so strong that it would be useless to try."

Instructor in 1888: "Miss J., will you debate against Woman Suffrage?"

Miss J.: "My belief in it is so strong that, as a matter of conscience, it would be impossible for me to say a word against it."

Before retiring, one of our number lets down her mantle bed and then looks under it to be sure there is nobody there.

Miss S. appeared at her recitation without having learned a quotation from Hawthorne to give in answer to roll call. A kind friend whispered one to her very hurriedly, but just in time.

"Miss S?" said the instructor.

"The dust of an old broom is historic," responded Miss S.

All looked somewhat puzzled, but when, shortly after, another gave the quotation, "The dust of old Rome is historic," a smile of relief passed over the class.

"Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot?"

Kate M. Estey, student at Wellesley '85-'86, is teaching at Spellman Seminary, Atlanta, Ga.

Bessie H. Standish, student at Wellesley '86-'86, is teaching in the Academy at East Greenwich, R. I.

The Boston *Journal* notices the return of Hattie F. Tuttle, student at Wellesley '79-'81, from a long visit to Europe.

Miss Florence Ellery, B. A. '88, is teaching in Hudson, N. Y.

Miss Maude Moonlight, student at Wellesley '83-'84, is teaching in Cheyenne, Wyo. T.

The Class of '79 are rounding their first decade since graduation. The class album which, with characteristic forethought, they presented to their grateful Alma Mater, having been treasured for some time among her *Works of Art*, is now neatly tucked away with the *Antiquities*. Poor '79!

The girls of '86 have been rejoiced this Christmastide by the receipt of elegant gift-books from their ever-faithful Honorary Member. These "Souvenirs of Wellesley College" are gotten up in Prof. Horsford's own inimitable fashion,—paper, typewriting, everything being the choicest of its kind. A wonderfully clear and perfect view of the Faculty Parlor forms the frontispiece. Later on appears a full-page fac-simile of a letter written in the seventeenth century by Mrs. Horsford's ancestor, Nathaniel Sylvester, the friend of the persecuted Quakers. Very welcome, too, is the picture of Prof. Horsford's summer residence, the hospitable Manor House of Shelter Island. The volume opens with a brief letter from Prof. Horsford to his classmates of '86, followed in turn by the account of the opening of the Faculty Parlor, taken from the COURANT of Sept. 28. Prof. Morgan's "Opera of Rest" from the COURANT of Nov. 23, Prof. Hodgkin's Birthday Sonnet to Prof. Horsford and Miss May Cook's article descriptive of Shelter Island, both reprinted from the COURANT of Sept. 28. This record of one of the wisest of gifts and most benignant of givers will be long and lovingly cherished, together with its companion volumes, "The Library Festival" and "The Class of '86."

Died.

BROWN—Gertrude Brown, B. A. '86, died at her home in Philadelphia, Jan. 2, '89. Warm sympathy is extended to her parents and sister. A memorial notice will appear in our next issue.

Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 24. Dr. John H. French died here yesterday, aged 64 years. He was a noted educator and at one time was state superintendent of schools in Vermont. He was also at different periods principal of the State Normal school at Indiana, Pa., and assisted in the Albany Normal school.—*Ex.*

Dr. French was the father of the late Miss Clara French.

The Wide, Wide World.

January 1.—Reports that the forces of the Mahdi have been twice defeated.—Cholera prevails on the Malabar coast.—The country flooded about Marseilles.—Fire at St. Louis; loss \$900,000.

January 2.—New Serbian constitution approved by the legislative body. A despatch from Hayti reports furious threats made against Minister Thompson.—A member of the British parliament about to visit this country to advocate reduction of the ocean postage.—Four more negroes shot by men hunting the Wahalah (Miss.) rioters.—Tariff debate resumed in the Senate.

January 3.—Floods in southern France have done immense damage.—Annexation with the United States for the first time made an election issue in Windsor, Ont.—Anarchist Hronek at Chicago sentenced to 12 years imprisonment.—Some of the amendments to the Senate Tariff bill agreed upon.

January 4.—King Milan's amnesty decree will release 10,000 prisoners.—Floods in Italy.—175 persons reported frozen to death December 27 at Skatcrinburg, Russia.—Sales of land for taxes declared illegal in Manitoba, and consequent consternation among property owners.

January 5.—Arrest of two men connected with smuggling of opium at Seattle, Wash. Ty.—Ohio, White Caps received with a double charge of shot.—Plan for reorganization of western railroad associations.

January 6.—The Germans lost 20 men in a fight at Samoa.—Senator Plumb introduces a Customs Commission bill.—10 cases of small pox at Syracuse.

January 7.—Prof. Geffcken released by the German government.—It is proposed to organize in Paris a new Panama Canal Company and give De Lesseps the chairmanship.

Domestic Work.

MARY A. WALKER, '89.

There is perhaps no feature of our college life to which our attention needs more to be directed than to the system of domestic work. All will agree that a good number of the girls think domestic work a bore and an operation to be gotten through with as quickly as possible. There are few of us who have not at times wished there were no domestic work because we have wanted the time for something else. On the other hand we have all at times wished that we had not this lesson or that lesson to learn, all the time knowing that the very thing for which we came to college would not be accomplished if we failed to learn a lesson because we did not like it. Now since we learn lessons, even if we do not like them, because they bring us advantages which we covet, so, I think, we shall, when we consider it, be glad that we have the domestic work because of the advantages which we shall see do result from this department of the college.

The arguments usually brought forward against domestic work are that time is lost just when it is most valuable, that thought and strength, which are needed in other directions, are expended, and that substitutes must be provided in case of absence or illness.

We must not for a moment undervalue the value of time, but by the advantages which domestic work brings, a careful consideration of the subject will show that the time spent is not lost. The idea that strength and thought, which are needed in other directions, are uselessly expended is a misconception. The careful adjustment of the domestic work provides that no girl shall do more than she is able. The thought that is needed is of a very different character from that required by the college curriculum and is consequently a relaxation and not a strain. When we are ill or away, we have to provide substitutes, but none experience serious inconvenience from this. The very spirit of helpfulness resulting from domestic work makes the matter easy.

Now that we have looked at the subject from a negative point of view and seen that the objections usually made are not valid, we will consider the positive proofs of the beneficial influence of domestic work. For a successful college course the first requisite is good health. In a college for women this demands more attention than in one for men since girls in general are more conscientious in the performance of duty and more anxious about standing. At Wellesley all see and deplore the mental strain common among us. This strain can be and is removed by those who take much exercise in a proper way, but for many who take an insufficient amount, the compulsory exercise of domestic work is an especial benefit. It may be urged that the time required for domestic work is taken from outdoor exercise. In reply it is safe to say that those girls who neglect exercise now would do so, were there no domestic work, since one who falsely encourages time under some circumstances will also under others. The character of the domestic work is such that some exercise is necessary even in the department work, such as printing papers and caring for recitation rooms and apparatus while in domestic hall, in the dining-room and about the corridors, the work is exclusively exercise.

The mental training which we get from our domestic work is much more valuable than we think for future practical life. Many of us, the majority probably, came here with habits of carelessness and dependence due to a life of constant attention to books, and it is fully time that we should come to a realization that we have something to learn aside from books. Our lesson is punctuality. Our work is due at a certain time, and if we are late, we hinder many others. We are not selfish enough to allow this to happen. If we are not on time to classes, we are robbing simply ourselves, which is quite a different matter. Then there is a certain amount of work which belongs to us; no one will do it for us if we leave it undone. The fact that we cannot rely upon others is a lesson in self-dependence. In the later years of the course, work is given which imposes added responsibility. In the department work those who expect to be teachers, by the hour a day spent under the especial direction of a professor, learn methods of teaching of incalculable value. At the same time familiarity with the subject in hand is increased and habits of accuracy are acquired. In certain departments there are opportunities for special kinds of training. If one wishes to take up library work after leaving college she may have the benefit of a few years practice here. In the same manner the express matter gives training in exact business habits.

In social life there are advantages for rich and poor alike. Some girls who came here with an idea that any manual labor is beneath them, soon see others who are their equals or superiors mentally and socially, performing their domestic duties without loss of rank and, as a necessary result, loose their contempt for those who are obliged to do manual labor. They see that there is something for them to do beside study, that they must assist in the general practical life of the world. In this country private fortunes are subject to sudden and great changes, and if the time does come when these same girls must work for themselves, life will be much easier for them because of the preliminary training here at Wellesley.

By means of domestic work the poorer girls are enabled to earn money and still keep their caste in college a thing which could not happen were there no domestic work. They are on an equality with girls who have had more social advantages than themselves and consequently gain from them one important benefit of college life. Where domestic work is done there is a tendency to dress more simply, which makes less distinction between the richer and poorer girls. The class distinctions here in college are such as arise necessarily from natural disposition and refinement.

But more than all, perhaps, the expense should be taken into consideration. Because we have domestic work, girls are enabled to have the advantages of our college life who could not enjoy it were the expense greater. Very few of any colleges offer for the same price the advantages which Wellesley offers. We must consider the beautiful buildings and grounds, all of which require constant expenditure to be kept in proper condition. Furthermore, we have no endowment as most other colleges have. After all these extras, Wellesley's expense is still less than that of Smith or Vassar. Board can be obtained in the village for the same that we pay here, and that too without domestic work. But, many in the village pay more and they are not usually made so comfortable in room and warmth, and are beside often at expense in bad weather for carriage. It may be claimed that Wellesley girls cannot support themselves and keep even with their class as other college students can. On the other hand, we must see that few women have a constitution strong enough to enable them to support themselves in any college. Many women have ruined their health forever in the attempt.

We have not come to Wellesley because of the number of facts which can be stored away in our minds, but for the discipline which shall mould us into noble, useful women. In domestic work we have a strong influence against much that is petty in our natures and in favor of what is noble and good. Every time we do domestic work we are doing something for some one beside ourselves. A life of study if not carried on with a steady outlook toward future usefulness, has a decided tendency toward selfishness.

Domestic work in great measure counteracts this. Jealousies because of rank are much less likely to spring up. We become less narrow by seeing that there is something beside self-development and study needed in this practical world of ours. Again as we need kindness sometimes ourselves, we are less likely to be thoughtless of other's wants. By our own need of help we learn to detect the same need in others. If a girl be ill, we do her work for her. By the thousand and one opportunities for thoughtfulness and helpfulness at the table and in domestic hall, we are learning most thoroughly habits of unselfishness and care for other's happiness which make a true noble woman. No amount of scholarship alone can give this basis of refinement and true womanliness.

Since, then, domestic work is not a hindrance but a help to a strong physique, to better and more accurate habits of mind, to a truer social standard and to a fuller and nobler development of character, in this department as in all others, we will be loyal to our college.

IMPRESSIONS OF MR. GLADSTONE.

PROFESSOR COMAN.

It was my good fortune last summer to hear in one morning two speeches by Mr. Gladstone. The occasion was the Welsh National festival, the Eisteddfod, held at Wrexham in the first week of September. Wrexham is but twelve miles from Hawarden. The great Liberal leader, who is very popular in Wales, was invited to address the assembly and was accorded an enthusiastic welcome. The little town was crowded with people and the middle of the street along which the Gladstone party was to drive from the station was with difficulty kept clear by the police. We elbowed our way to the front and saw, above a sea of struggling heads, a gaunt old man, sitting bolt upright in the carriage, the bald head uncovered and the sparse hair flying. The keen eyes, the compressed lips, the deep cut wrinkles, every line of the face, were expressive of pride,

irritability, pugnacity. He is marvelously like the very disappointing photographs of him one sees in the shop windows, not even the polka-dot necktie was lacking. Indeed I could only think of cutting remarks some one had made, that his photograph were a better caricature than Furness could devise.

In his speech before the Eisteddfod, Mr. Gladstone made skillful use of the persistent patriotism which has sustained this ancient annual festival in spite of the obliteration of national barriers, the destructive of distinctive laws and customs, the decay of language and literature. Setting out with a flattering tribute to the Welsh band and Welsh National hymn which had announced his advent, with a passing allusion to the Welsh artist Borne-Jones and the Welsh philanthropist Henry Richard, the tactful orator called Shakespeare to witness to the virtues of the Welsh people. He cited the description of Fluellen in the play of Henry the Fifth, "There is much care and valor in this Welshman," and other references to "the trusty Welshman," "the loving Welshman," "the hardy Welshman." "Shakespeare then," said Mr. Gladstone, "calls the Welsh trusty, loving and hardy; what else could you desire? He could not have done it much better if he had received his education in the Eisteddfod! Even Falstaff could find nothing very, very scathing to say of a Welshman. Falstaff gave Sir Hugh Evans three nicknames, none of them very bad. First of all he called him 'a Welsh goat,' secondly he called him 'a piece of toasted cheese' and thirdly when he professed to be very much exhausted and dejected, he said, 'I cannot answer that Welsh flannel!'"

The speaker described the valiant defence made by the Welsh nation against the intruding Saxon and noticed as proof of its intensity the great castles of Monmouth, Hereford and Shropshire, more numerous than in any other countries of England, south of the Tweed. In closing he referred in a few masterly non-committal sentences to the chronic grievance of Wales, the English church establishment.

Altogether the speech was most charming, most diplomatic; it was strictly and of purpose non-political.

But the ardent politicians of Wrexham were not to be so satisfied and Mr. Gladstone had to consent to address a political meeting in the town hall in the same forenoon. The hall was crowded to suffocation and Mr. Gladstone spoke with some difficulty and less happily. He began with an apology:

"It is quite true, as your chairman has said, that, in respect of physical power, the state of my voice makes it necessary—renders it necessary—for me to make appeals for the careful silence of the audience, which at any other time would not have been necessary; but I can assure you that if the powers of lung are not what they were, at any rate the spirit which prompts them has not lost anything of its decision or its earnestness."

His subject was the rather threadbare one of the wrongs of John Mandeville. This unhappy gentleman was the favorite bone of contention on the English political rostrum last summer.

The facts of the case are lost in a confusion of charges and counter-charges, and the disinterested enquirer is left to take his choice between the two rival theories. Either John Mandeville was a benevolent and 'offensive country gentleman of strong physique, who on a trifling political charge was thrown into prison by Balfour's agents and so maltreated that he died within two months after his release—or John Mandeville was a dangerous agitator who, breaking the law, underwent the legal penalty. His health improved on prison diet and his death was wrought about by speech-making in the open air and the immoderate use of bad whiskey. An outsider can hardly avoid thinking the affair rather petty and in its details somewhat ridiculous. Mr. Gladstone did nothing to raise the grievance to the position of an outraged principle of justice. He simply stated a few undeniable facts of the case.

In his defence of some statements made in a recent speech and attacked by the *Times* on the ground of wilful inaccuracy, the old fighter struck out bravely, showing an undiminished ability for dealing hard blows:

"Now, gentlemen, I referred to two countries, the names of which are of considerable interest—namely, I referred to *Poland* and I referred to *Naples*, and I have seen, strange to say, letters in the papers showing that the people of Ireland enjoy privileges, political privileges, which the people of Poland do not enjoy. I have no doubt that is true. I never compared the treatment of Ireland and the treatment of Poland as to the laws which prevail in the two countries. They say, for instance, that Poland has no ~~free press~~. Neither has ~~Russia~~ at a free press. I am not going to insult this country by comparison between despotic institutions and institutions which even in Ireland, happily, and despite the wishes of some, still include within themselves many of the elements and many of the powers of freedom. Gentlemen, what I did was this: I made no such absurd comparison. I compared Ireland with Poland in this respect only, that I think you cannot find in all Europe a case, as far as I know, in which Home Rule, legitimately claimed by the mass of the population, had been withheld, and withheld so as to produce disastrous consequences, until you travel across the whole of that continent and come across Russia to Poland; and that is the comparison that I made. (Cheers.) I want to make those Englishmen who are still slow in understanding the case—I want to make those Englishmen understand the true force of the remark, which is this, that in order to find a parallel to our conduct in refusing Home Rule to Ireland you cannot discover it in any of the free and constitutional countries, in any of the countries that are even moving towards freedom, and you are obliged to travel all the way to Russia, with despotic and autocratic institutions, and there at last you find it, and that is the standard of comparison to which England has to come. (Cheers.) I hope I have made myself clear on that subject, and I will make an addition to my former remark. I will refer to another Poland. You are aware that Poland was disastrously and, as I believe, criminally, most criminally, in the course of the last century dismembered and severed into parts, a portion of the Polish country, namely, the territory of Galicia becoming part of Austria. I do not often have to speak with great satisfaction of the policy of Austria, but I have learned, and learned with the greatest satisfaction—and that not to-day or yesterday, but for years past—that Austria has given a liberal measure of Home Rule to the Poles of Galicia. (Cheers.) Therefore Austria is ahead of England—ahead of this old patron of free countries, the nurse of freedom for the world—in the liberality of her policy to the Poles. And what further do we hear? Within the last few days I have consulted two most recent works upon the subject. Of course, I cannot say whether they are infallible or not, but they have every appearance of being written by independent and intelligent witnesses, and they are quite at the liberty of any gentleman here who chooses to ask leave to inspect them. But these works agree in saying that the effect of Home Rule in Galicia, which was formerly most disaffected to Austria, has been universally to reconcile the people to Austria—(cheers)—and you could nowhere in Galicia gather a body of people who would vote for or desire severance from Austria. (Cheers.) Well, gentlemen, this is all I will say of the comparison with Poland, which has not been very long, and I hope you will admit it is to the purpose. (Cheers.) The other name I mentioned was the name of Naples, and that name has roused the strong sympathies of this country now for many years past, since it was my duty, I think, and certainly my privilege, to take a part in bringing before the people of this country and the people of Europe the method in which the deplorable and disastrous government of that country was carried on 40 years ago. (Hear, hear.) Now, what has happened? After 40 years, when I spoke, the recollection I entertained was perfectly accurate as far as I went. What I said was strictly true—that while the British Tory Government are causing the Irish members of Parliament put in prison to associate with felons in taking their exercise—"Shame!"—I had seen myself a political prisoner in Naples in a jail which contained 400 homicides and other felons and common criminals in a room of his own completely apart from all the others—I think, if I remember aright, at some distance from them, and no more interfered with by them than if he had been in a place many miles off. (Cheers.) Well, it was then discovered, with an air of great triumph, that I had also seen—and this I had not recollected distinctly at the time—I had also seen other political prisoners who were differently treated. Now, I will describe to you with accuracy and precision, as far as I know it, the treatment of political prisoners in Naples. It has been supposed—possibly through some slight error in reporting, altering the singular for the plural, and saying "prisoners" for "prisoner"—I know not how it is, and it matters little; but it was never my intention to give a full account of the treatment of political prisoners in Naples. How could I? It was impossible for any human being. Naples was not a country where the doings of the Government were reported to the world. On the contrary, everything was kept secret, and all that was revealed to me was revealed by secret and clandestine means, and, therefore, I was neither foolish nor guilty enough to convey the absurd idea that I was going to give a distinct account of the manner in which the political prisoners were treated in Naples. (Hear, hear.) But I will tell you exactly now, after the power of reference, what I do know upon the subject. I saw political prisoners of two characters. One of these consisted of a body of men who were distinguished in public life and eminent law which was made last year by the Tory Government and the Tory

in the country. They had been tried for high treason. I do not enter into the particulars of the trial; that is not the question now before us. I do not retract anything I have said upon the subject of the Government of Naples, but this is not the question before us. I am now simply giving a description of the facts. Now, it is a fact that when I saw these political prisoners who had been convicted of high treason, and with respect to whom the Government of Naples always said it was a great mercy not to put them to death—when I saw these political prisoners, unquestionably I saw them in prison dress, and one of them, but not the others—I saw five or six together—and one of them was chained to an ordinary felon. That is a great abomination, but pray observe at any rate this was a man who had been found guilty, by such tribunals as the country afforded, of high treason. These Irish members are not guilty of high treason—(Cheers) but of acts which, so far as I can see, have really excited on their behalf a very large amount of approving sympathy in this country. They are guilty of acts which are offences for the most part against the outrageous Parliament and the dissident Liberals in the Tory Parliament; but they are offences, such as they are, offences for which they are subjected to one, or two, or three months' imprisonment in general. Who will compare these to sentences for high treason? I want to show you what was done in Naples with regard to men of that stamp. I saw myself a political prisoner who had not, I believe, been convicted for high treason. I do not know that he was charged with high treason—I presume it was a minor offence; but, whatever the offence was, I saw him, as I stated, perfectly free from involuntary association with felons, absolutely independent of them as to his mode of life and the apartment where he lived; and I may add this—which I did not add and which I ought to have added at the time when I first spoke—that political prisoner whom I saw did not wear the prison dress. (Cheers.) And from him I learnt that the rules applicable to himself with regard to a free apartment were applied by the Neapolitan Government to prisoners generally. That, I suppose, means for unconvicted prisoners or for prisoners guilty of minor offences only against the Neapolitan Government. So that, gentlemen, you see here is the fact: we have nothing to do with the question of men under sentence for high treason, but with men apparently guilty of political offences deemed by the Government to be of a less serious stamp. What we know is this, that in Ireland they are compelled to associate with felons in taking their exercise, they are compelled to submit to the indignity of wearing the prison dress, and we know that 40 years ago, when prison discipline was infinitely more backward than it is now, the cruel and tyrannical Government of Naples, imprisoning a man for a real or supposed political offence, did not require him, in an absolutely certain case which I have seen, to associate with felons, and did not subject him to the indignity of wearing the prison dress. (Cheers.) I hope that is intelligible. What I want is that you should place side by side, in close comparison, the conduct of one of the worst and most tyrannical governments that ever existed in Europe, and with what pain and shame you may arrive at the conclusion which truth will force from you—that that conduct with regard to political prisoners, guilty, apparently, of minor offences, was the conduct which bears the most favourable comparison with the conduct of the Government of what we fondly believe to be, in politics, the most enlightened country in the world."

By their sympathy with the National League, Home Rulers have laid themselves open to the charge of contempt for the law. Mr. Gladstone met their attack with characteristic agility. He dexterously turned the tables by calling his opponents to account for ignoring the verdict of the jury in the Mandeville case:

"I believe I am perfectly correct in saying that Mr. Balfour said in the House of Commons that the verdict of that jury ought to be treated with contempt. That is the way in which a legal verdict is treated by the representatives of law and order, and by her Majesty's Government when it does not happen to coincide with their views." (Hear, hear.)

"As to these gentlemen—I do not deny they may have broken the law. I will never offer a justification for a breach of the law. I will try to show that those who made the law and administer the law are far more guilty than those who break the law, but I will never make a justification for a breach of the law."

The speaker closed by some reference to the political grievance of Wales and to the aspirations for Home Rule awakened here by the agitation in Ireland.

"I have spoken of Ireland, but I must not forget that this address calls my attention to the case of Wales. The case of Wales, I may say, is in one sense in the rear of the case of Ireland. You never will have a free stage for the consideration of Welsh questions until the case of Ireland has been substantially disposed of—(Hear, hear)—but although in that sense you may have to exercise your patience, as you have in listening so kindly and attentively to me, yet depend upon it Wales will not be the sufferer, but the gainer, by the present agitation on the Irish question. (Cheers.) I will tell you plainly, and I am sure my right honorable friend, Mr. Osborne Morgan, in the chair, will agree with me, that had the proposal of the Government for Home Rule in Ireland been accepted in the pacific spirit in which it was offered; had its really conservative character in promoting the peace of the country and the safety and stability of the empire been recognised instead of being denied; and had it had a smooth course through Parliament, Wales and Scotland would have remained, as I think, very much as they were before; but instead of that, determined, and even bitter opposition has been offered to it. All the powers of—(a Voice: "Darkness!")—influence, and some of them evil influence, have been called into operation to resist it, and what has been the effect of it? The effect of that has been that in Scotland and Wales it has caused people to think a great deal more about their own case than they had thought before; and they are mistaken who think that Wales will be the patient, almost sheeplike, political unit in the future that she has been in the past." (Cheers.)

The impressions left upon the mind were, on the whole, unsatisfactory. One had imagined a hero pleading passionately and disinterestedly a great cause, and one saw in reality a proud and irritable party leader, employing superficial arguments, the tricks of the trade, to rouse the passions of a bigoted following. When all was said and done, we were obliged to confess to a feeling of disappointment with the man and diminished respect for the cause.

Youth.

MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON. —STUDENT '87-'8.

To bloom and sing with rose and April thrush—
To lose the count of hours in long delights
Of June's delicious days and fragrant nights—
To lie a-dreaming in the golden hush
Of wondrous afternoons—to kiss the blush
On lip and cheek of Autumn, in sweet flights
With her o'er moor and purple mountain heights,
While the blood bounds against the wind's keen rush—
Oh, this is youth! And this is youth—to know
And love the spring-time's pathos and unrest—
To listen for the minor strains that flow
Along the music from the thorn-hurt breast
Of June's dear nightingale—to walk apart
Through drifted leaves, with tender dreams at heart.

Message from the South.

The following extract was taken from a private letter received from Miss Cloudman, student at Wellesley '80-'81, who is now at work among the negroes at Atlanta, Ga.:

"May I tell you about the little thing who is to have your money—or rather about the family? She is one of six or seven children. They buried a baby this summer. The father is sick all the time; has chronic rheumatism, I believe. They have nothing, not even the poor shanty they live in; that is hired, and they must pay the rent or go into the street. The mother, with a baby always in her arms—I believe she has lost three—must raise the money to feed, house, clothe and educate those children; and she doesn't know how to do any work but washing. There are so many others who can do nothing but washing, that it pays very badly here. The eldest child is a boy of sixteen, a fine scholar. He had some help last year, I think, but I am not sure. He graduated last summer from this school, and is now at the University in the normal department. 'If I can jes' keep him dare till nex' summer,' the mother said, 'so he can teach in de country schools, 'pears like 'twill be somefin to look for 'nds to.' The second boy, about eleven, I think, sells papers; the eldest does, too, when he cannot find anything else to do that will pay better. They live from hand to mouth. The mother keeps a 'nickle' each night for the boys to start with in the morning. With that they can buy two papers which they sell for 'a nickle apiece,' and they go back and get four. They must sell those four, and often they are late to school, and once the younger did not come at all, nor

got home at night. He could not sell his papers and was afraid to go home without taking the money. Often and often they have to go off in the morning without any breakfast, for there is nothing in the house to eat or to cook until they bring in the money they make to get something. Sometimes they come to school without waiting for breakfast. Think of working till ten o'clock and then studying till two without a mouthful of anything to eat. "There is a little girl of thirteen 'studying fractions,' and a boy of eight or nine who would be put to selling papers only that he can't 'count money' yet. He is going to come to school tomorrow, and I shall try to teach him to count money. It is the best thing at present. They are slipshod and dirty. They have not much forethought. I expect the nickel the mother saves till morning to start her boys in the paper business stands for quite an education in that direction, and I don't like to think of the hard lessons she must have had before she learned to do it. If the boys are very hungry, sometimes, they take a nickel from the money they receive for their papers, and buy some breakfast with it; but if their mother finds out that they have done so, 'wait till that pap whips 'em,' she says. I don't know how the whipping is managed, but the boys dread it, anyway. The reason she does not allow them to spend their nickels in that way is because she can make a breakfast for the whole family 'on two nickels,' and she can't afford for them to spend on themselves the cost of the family meal. Think of breakfast for eight costing only ten cents. Well, they are always hopeful and happy. Dirty, and ragged, and cold, and hungry and all, they never look sorry or discouraged. Maggie, your little girl, is so small yet that the burdens do not rest on her. She is five years old, slender and graceful in shape, but not unpleasantly thin yet. She is about the color of new bronze, perhaps a shade lighter, and is pretty and winning. She has that peculiarly dainty shape of cheek and chin that goes so far towards making a black face pretty, and she has dimples and cunning white teeth, and beautiful black eyes of course. Her hair is not kinky, but pretty curly. I wish you could have seen her when I told her she was to come to kindergarten. She was so happy. The room was a picture, too. More picturesque than comfortable, I'm afraid. An open fire, unplastered walls browned with smoke (and other things) two beds with queer patched and torn coverlets, two ironing boards where the week's washing for 'de white folks' was getting ironed by two ragged, happy-looking negro women, with turbans on their heads, and bare black feet, and Maggie in a coarse blue and white cotton dress, (not ragged, but I'm sorry to say, very dirty,) bobbing in and out of the picture. She would have done for school very well as far as a dress if only it were clean.

If she has not comfortable clothing as it gets colder I shall try to get something from 'the barrels' for her, and if I can't I shall buy some cloth with some of the money you sent, and make it up Saturdays on the sewing machine for her. You ask me to tell you about the work. I can't. I could write a week steadily and then have more to tell than I had told. I think. Tell your girls this working for the lowly is happy work, satisfying work, work that makes your heart full, and your hands full, and your time full, and your life full. It is the 'hundredfold in this life.' But tell them I can't inform them about it; and if they will try doing it, they'll see why I can't."

Juliette.

FLORENCE WILKINSON. '92.

They praise her for her wild-rose face
And bow to her a little space.

The cameo curve of cheek and chin,
Hair as if gold were rifted in.

Eyes velvet like a pansy-flower—
These are what hold them for an hour.

Her light, low laughter, like a brook.
A word, a sigh, a tender look.

For these men follow her a while,
Paying a kingdom for a smile.

Still have I heard that for her tears
'Twere worthy to give years and years.

And for her head upon one's breast
One would face death and all the rest.

But I, who one time loved her well,
Knowing her now have this to tell:

I hate her for the matchless art
With which she hides a hollow heart.

—New York Independent.

The Empty Nest.

HELEN BARRETT MONTGOMERY, '84.

I.

A nest in the tree-top swinging;
An oriole gayly singing:
Sweet and low, sweet and low,
To and fro, to and fro.
Sing, quivering breast!
Swing, binlings at rest
In your cradle the green leaves under!
Warm little nest,
Sheltered and blest,
Will it always be so, I wonder?

II.

The wind in the tree-tops sighing,
In the leafless branches dying:
Sad and slow, to and fro,
Swings a nest filled with snow.
Ah me! nevermore
Shall a bright wing soar
From that nest 'neath the leaves suspended,
Forsaken, bare,
It hangeth there,
The wraith of a summer ended.

—Christian Union. '85.

TIDINGS FROM JAPAN.

EXTRACTS FROM PERSONAL LETTERS BY CORNELIA JUDSON, SPECIAL STUDENT AT WELLESLEY, '85-'87.

There are many curious things here that I would like to make pass before your "mind's eye," but as I shall be writing about Japan all the rest of my life, shall I give you a few leaves from my diary before my journey from dear old Connecticut to Niigata is an affair of the dim past? I told you that I should cross Niagara and pass through Canada on my way to Chicago. I had the pleasure of a very good view of the Falls, and the aggravation of having that view for only five minutes. My most vivid impressions of the journey are of its wide prairies, stretching miles away to the horizon line, of the grand Rockies, and the strange, dreary deserts, those white, lifeless alkali plains. On the morning of September second we awoke within sight of the "Crest of the Continent," approaching the broken line of what I suppose would be mountains at the East, but which seem mere dwarfs compared with the giant race beyond them.

From Denver on the scenery was magnificent: the mountains about twenty-five miles distant separated from us by a level plain, seemingly so narrow that one could walk across it to the base of the mountains. Old Rugged Mountain, like a fortified town perched aloft on a mountain-top, with a village at its base, loomed up, a huge red pile. Castle Rock is what its name indicates, and is high and separate from anything else by—Long's Peak, Gray's Peak, and leading the whole host, Pike's Peak, with a little festoon of clouds upon its brow and just enough snow to distinguish it from its less exalted neighbors. For half a day we circled around the base of the mountains, with Pike's Peak still peering at us over the shoulders of the other mountains, from various points of view, until at noon we stopped really at its base and near enough to have walked over and begun the ascent of its rugged sides had there been time enough. We gathered a few poppies and pressed them as souvenirs of the captain of the host of the Rockies. At Puebla we found there was a wreck ahead; a boulder had fallen on the track and partially demolished the bridge. A train turning a sharp curve had come directly upon it and was wrecked. If we had been a little before instead of a little later than the wrecked train, or if the boulder had been a few hours later in falling, our fates might have been reversed. Our stay at Puebla and at Beaver, a desolate little place near the bridge, made us fail to reach one of the great features of the route—the Rocky Gorge—by daylight, but we saw it by "the pale light of the moon," and the scene was as entrancing as fairy-land. On

one side the bare, rocky wall stretched straight up, cleft here and there by deep gorges in impenetrable shadow; on the other side a rapid stream dashed itself into foam over the rocks in its bed, and prevented the mountain wall on that side from overhanging us, while just above the sharply defined edge of rocks so far above our heads, sailed the moon, occasionally passing behind a high point and then flooding the whole gorge again. The bright, silvery light, and the deep, black shadows were contrasted in a strikingly beautiful way. In the morning we passed through the beautiful Black Canon by daylight, and stopped for breakfast at the Black Canon Hotel, after which the train was divided, and we enjoyed the—to me—novel sight of seeing one part of the train just a little ahead and just a little below, but going in the opposite direction from us, as the train wound back and forth, doubling on itself both up and down the ridge. During all the afternoon we were passing through the alkali desert, "a dry and weary land where no water is," and our lips were soon parched and our throats dry. The heat and dust were almost unendurable. The Uncompahgre Mountains lent impressiveness to the weird plains which would otherwise have been too depressing. When we awoke the next morning in Salt Lake City, and when we climbed the hill and looked down on it, and its wide clean streets and many pleasant dwelling places, and the Jordan and the blue Salt Lake sparkling in the sunshine, we realized something of what that first band of Mormons must have felt when that little garden spot among the mountains first met their eyes. We were very much interested in the tabernacle and new temple and in the services, of which we could hear enough to catch the drift of the speaker, but the greatest delight of our three days' stay at Salt Lake was our visit to the lake itself. It seemed to me the most beautiful picture I had ever seen—so clear that far out from shore every pebble on its bottom was visible, and blue as the deepest blue of the sky on a summer's day. Abrupt, isolated peaks stood up from the water, and all around circled a mountain wall. I do not need to describe to you these well known features of our mother-country, but they are recalled so vividly in writing of them that I love to dwell on that most delightful trip which I ever took. In Nevada we struck the barren plain again, covered with sage brush, which always looks dead; then plains devoid of even sage brush. The "Great American Desert," with all the heat and dust and absolute desolation of the former desert, lacks the relief of its mountain scenery. Humboldt is a little oasis in the desert, just sufficient to break up the awful monotony of the day; then followed more alkali plains, in the midst of which Humboldt Lake seems a sight to gladden weary eyes. We enjoyed its cool-looking blueness apparently ruffled by a slight breeze, and were wholly unwilling to believe what was the fact, that our enjoyment had been a wholly imaginary one,—that there was no water in Humboldt Lake,—that on that summer day it was but a white alkali lake bottom, as dry as the plains surrounding it. The prosaic train hands rudely dispelled our dreams of refreshing coolness and gave us the plain facts of the case. The Sierra Nevada we crossed in the night, and in the morning found ourselves in the beautiful Sacramento Valley. At 11.15 a. m. we arrived in San Francisco, and our long overland journey was at an end. From Wednesday until Saturday we remained at San Francisco. At 3 p. m. we took coach for the wharf where the "Belgir" lay, and at 4.09 p. m. the plank was drawn, and the "Belgir" started on her voyage. The "Belgir" is a handsome, steel-plated vessel, four hundred and twenty feet long and forty-two feet wide, large enough to allow good, brisk promenades on its deck. Our trip across the Pacific was very, very pleasant, although the sea was rough during the greater portion of the time. We left San Francisco with the sea perfectly calm, and before we were out of the harbor anchored for the night in a fog. In the morning we started again with the sea perfectly calm, and in a short time our vessel was tossing wildly on the white-capped waves, which broke with increasing violence across the vessel's deck. The scene was magnificent. Overhead was a sky of brilliant blue, just flecked with clouds of fleecy white, and all around was a mingling of equally brilliant blue and white, the waves rearing their crested tops far toward the heavens before breaking. We were in the wake of a storm which had passed just before us, and we had the grandeur of a storm with the added effect which the bright sunshine gave. By noon the deck was deserted, except by half a dozen gentlemen and one lady who always loved old Neptune, and their small group had to curl themselves up in their steamer chairs and hold on to the railing around the cabin, while the waves dashed along the deck beneath the chairs, and they had alternately presented to their view the mad waves and the sky above. Soon we were all ordered inside and the doors were fastened. In the steerage, closed tightly for several days, were four hundred and fifty Chinese, whose sufferings must have required more stoicism than the average human being can summon up to enable them to endure their quarters. Our rough introduction to the Pacific enabled us to appreciate the more quiet weather which followed after, but there was very little of real calm. I was very sorry to leave the good "Belgir," when at length we reached our destination, glad as I was to see the shores of Japan. Our welcome was such as does the heart good.

The steam launch which came alongside as soon as the vessel stopped brought with it Dr. Scudder and his son, Dr. and Mrs. Green, the father and mother of the mission in Japan, having been here twenty years, Mr. Booth of the Ferris Seminary at Yokohama, and others to welcome us to Japan. Dr. Scudder brought the welcome news that I was to be stationed at Niigata. You remember Dr. Scudder and the talk he gave us at College, and his references to "my son and my daughter." I must tell you a little about them. Miss Kate Scudder is a slender lady of middle age or younger, with a thin face that wears the sweetest and kindest of expressions. Dr. Doremer Scudder is tall, looks very well, laughs the hearty, rollicking laugh of a great boy, and is always ready to do everything for everybody. He and Miss Katy, as you probably know, have kept the missions alive through some very dark and discouraging days for the past two years. When I saw the two doctors come on board the steamer with their two Japanese rain hats on I thought they were two of the queerest-looking specimens that I had ever seen, but I am getting quite used to the white hats with their brims like thatched roofs. After a short but pleasant stay in Koriama, and from that place on to Niigata our journey was performed in jirikobas, conveyances of which you may have heard, but of which you can actually know nothing except from personal experience. A two-wheeled carriage, about as large as an old-fashioned rocking-chair set on wheels, with an adjustable top, and drawn by a human horse who trots off at a good rate of speed, and except that he fully understands how to avoid the dangers of the route, seems quite on a level with a good, shaggy pony.

Our journey through Japan lay through some very beautiful scenery, through romantic passes and over winding mountain roads where the path was scarcely wider than the jirikoba,—in some places where a misstep on the part of our men must have sent us down the side of the precipice. Some of the hazardous route was passed over in the night, with the rain and the thick darkness making a close curtain around us, except where the jirikoba men's lanterns made a small circle of light on the pathway, scarcely sufficient to show them the footing, and far below us we heard, but could not see, a mountain stream dashing along. In the day-time we rode over a most beautiful mountain road, with the mountains continually veiled in mist and shifting clouds, while some of the time the rain actually poured down, and most of the time some rain was falling. We had but one pleasant day in Japan before our arrival in Niigata, but to recompense us for that we have had four beautiful serene weeks in Niigata. While we were in Yokohama, to look back for a moment from our journey through Japan, we took time to visit Tokio and see the famous temple of Sheba. There are very many of these temples, beautifully decorated with gold, their roofs inlaid with alternate tiles of red and bars of gold. We visited two of the most gorgeous, and found them very much alike, profusely decorated. The shrine of one of the early daimios interested me more. It was an octagonal building, with inlaid roof, and sides on which the gold was profusely lavished, and in the centre beneath a pillar of stone was buried the long passed away daimio. The little building cost thirteen million of yew (about eighty-seven cents to a yew.) A sweet-toned bell covered with thirteen Buddhist inscriptions, very like the bell which Wellesley possesses, stood with a hammer by its side for the use of the priests in prayer, and by its side a smaller bell which is used more frequently for the same purpose. These temples were heathendom deserted, only a few priests, and no devotees to keep them alive by their offerings. In the afternoon we visited other temples where we saw heathendom alive, crowded with devout worshippers, a constantly changing crowd, some coming, some going, some throwing their offerings of money or grain into the long box which stands before the principal idols in the centre of the temple, and then bowing in prayer. An image of the god of healing, on which sick people rub those parts of their bodies in which the trouble lies, had its features and hands almost rubbed off by the generations of poor sick creatures which have tried to find relief there. It is pitiful to think of the mothers who have brought their babies and rubbed their little faces against that cold stone. Images of Buddha abound in that temple and in the court-yard around it. We found ourselves as much

objects of interest to the people as they were to us. Wherever we turned we were followed by crowds of intensely curious people, not only children, but white-haired old men and women. In Niigata also we have found ourselves if not "the admired of all admirers," at least the gazed at by all gazers, and the children shout "I ju" (foreigner) after us in the street. They are getting somewhat used to the sight of us now, and are less ardent in their attentions. Of course we are not so strange a sight here as in many of the places through which we passed on our overland journey through Japan, where the people would gather around the hotel at which we stayed, until the street was blocked for long distances. At Niigata there are two established native churches now. When we landed from the little steamer which brought us to Niigata the members of both churches and the boys and girls of the two schools were drawn up on the sidewalk on each side of the road to welcome us to Japan, and we passed in triumph through the two howling and smiling lines. It was Saturday night when we arrived in Niigata, and on Sunday afternoon there was a meeting in the girls' school to welcome the new missionaries and teachers. Many speeches were made by the Japanese ladies and gentlemen, expressing in very warm terms their gratitude. Then each of us had to make a little speech in return for the welcome which they had given us. The gratitude and affection which the Christians here show us makes one's heart warm. The Japanese were very much affected by the coming of old Dr. Scudder and his wife to spend their remaining years and to die among them. One little deacon of the church, a man about four feet tall, a most devout man, but greatly given to sentiment, said that when he heard that Dr. Scudder and his wife had come to die here, it made his tears flow like the Shenanogawa (river.) He goes among us by the name of Shenanogawa now. On the second Sunday after our arrival eighteen new members united with the church, making a total membership of about seventy-eight. The work has seemed very prosperous. There are between fifty and sixty girls in our school, all of them from good families and very interesting girls. One thing that makes the work very pleasant here is that the people who are being reached first are the very best people. One of my classes, the most advanced except a class of two, contains five married ladies, one of them, Mrs. Olbi, the wife of the gentleman who formerly had the large boys' school of this city as a private school, but becoming conscious of the benefits of Christianity turned it over to the hands of the missionaries at a great loss to himself, and has become a teacher in his own school, and is now an active Christian worker. Another of my lovely girls in this class is Mrs. Kato, wife of the Japanese gentleman teacher of the school. Mrs. Hasegawa, the Japanese lady teacher of the school, and Mrs. Varnse, the wife of the native pastor, are also in my classes. Teaching English to such interesting pupils is very interesting work. And we have such a pleasant home here. Little Lilla Albrecht, Mr. and Mrs. Albrecht's only child, is just a loving little fairy, with sky-blue eyes and golden curls, and Mr. and Mrs. Albrecht do everything possible to make us happy. If a small portion of Wellesley could be transplanted here and made to remain here Niigata would be complete, so far as the things necessary for enjoying life are concerned. As it is we manage to enjoy life very much, although (or perhaps because) we are so busy, and busy in such a variety of ways that time slips away without our being able to account for it at all.

Nov. 12, '87, Niigata, Japan.

Thank you very, very much for the welcome Wellesley news. How I should like to step into those delightful halls again and gain a fresh inspiration for further study and thought. One never needs any greater inspiration for work here, than comes from simply seeing all the open doors that are set before us, but it is sometimes difficult to find time to think of anything outside of the work. When I arrived in Yokohama in September of last year, my ideas of the work before me were very indefinite. The noisy crowd of women clattering along in their wooden shoes, with the straight, coat-like dress tightly bound by a bright-colored sash, the coolies with hats like baskets turned upside down, the jirikobas with men for horses, the long streets of shops with the whole front side open, and the people within seated on their heels on the floor, all seemed to me to belong to a land in which I had no part. Our journey to Niigata was mainly through wild, picturesque mountain scenery, sometimes possessing a grandeur, which even the pouring rain of an early rainy season could not entirely veil. Arrived in the city we found the most cheerful of American homes awaiting us, with a little golden haired fairy in it to complete the home circle. Mrs. Albrecht has a genius for home-keeping, and brings every one who comes to her home under its spell.

Our school work began with about fifty girls, in a long, low government building, one story high, with paper windows, through which more cold air than light penetrated. Before the most severe weather set in, however, a good-sized, square, eight-roomed building, with glass windows and holes in the walls to allow stove-pipes to peep through, was ready for occupancy. Now a dormitory, outwardly funeral-looking, by reason of the black paint in which Japanese delight, but inwardly most cheerful, stands back of the school building, where its windows command a long view of the beautiful mountains, capped with snow during most of the year. The ladies' home in the adjoining lot is almost finished, and we hope to eat our Thanksgiving dinner within its walls.

Our school gained in numbers slowly but steadily all through last year, closing with almost one hundred, but the growth of interest in Christianity has alarmed some parents, who fear that their daughters may give themselves to Christ, and so we have started with a slight falling off in numbers, instead of the increase for which we looked. Each week swells our numbers, however, and we shall soon advance beyond our last year's record.

The boys' school has gained a new president, quite a number of new scholars, and a fine new school-building and dormitory.

The president, a Japanese gentleman, Mr. Uchimura, took his degree at Amherst College, and is a great admirer of President Seelye. He is an intensely patriotic man, and has considerable of the anti-foreign spirit, which we hope will disappear. We are so fortunate as to know many decidedly able men connected with us in our work.

Last year Dr. H. M. Scudder gave a series of lectures, the main theme being the necessity and reality of a God, and these lectures were attended by the chief officials, newspaper editors, and other most prominent men of the city, and were given at the request of the chief justice. This year Dr. Scudder has been asked to lecture in Tokio, the capital city. And so the work continually broadens, and our constant need is to ask, not that the people shall listen to us, but that we shall be able to furnish those to whom they may listen.

September 24, '88, Niigata, Japan.

Our Outlook.

The election of four ladies to the London School Board shows that the public appreciate the good service women can render in such positions. But there is a dissatisfied opposition that grumbles more or less, there as here. One paper, which is given to saying uncivil things about women, lately declared that "a very considerable proportion of the women who have been elected on previous boards have been wordy spouters." This statement Mrs. Florence Fenwick Miller in the *Illustrated London News* pronounces "as untrue to fact as it is vulgar in phraseology." She says: "The Duke of Argyll mentioned the other day that the late Lord Lawrence told him one of the good points of the ladies on the Board over which he presided was that 'they did not talk as much as the men'; and, as a fact, it so happens that the irrepressible and incessant talkers of that Board have throughout been of what is supposed to be the more taciturn sex. A reference to the fairly full reports of the Board meetings which appear week by week in the *School Board Chronicle* would prove this fact to demonstration; but, of course, I speak from personal knowledge. A record was once kept of the speaking of perhaps the most verbose member of the Board at a committee, and it was found that he joined in the debates four times as often as all the four ladies present put together—a sixteen-woman power of speech! At the same time, nearly all the ladies who have been members have been capable of speaking very well, and, when occasion demanded, of producing great effect by their speeches."

The *Woman's Penny Paper*, which has recently been started in London, is conducted on principles which, though sufficiently familiar in America, are quite new in England. It is essentially a woman's paper, being conducted, written, printed and published by women. It stands as a pioneer, for hitherto there has been nothing of the kind, and not even any approach to it. There have been women's papers, but all of a limited character. The new paper speaks out boldly on all the current subjects of the day. At the same time, it aims at a high ideal, making moral excellence its purpose. It treats social, industrial, educational and political questions in the spirit in which gentlemen would naturally deal with them, with honesty and courage. In politics, it is impossible for such a paper to accept either the Conservative or Liberal programme as final. In this it stands quite alone among the journals of London. It criticises the politics of the moment from a standpoint wholly unaffected by party spirit.

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Inter-Collegiate News.

Eight American colleges have more than one thousand students each. It is the custom at Trinity for the Freshmen to give an annual dinner to the juniors.

Cornell has tried the plan of having Monday for a holiday instead of Saturday, and they call it a success.

A son of George McDonald, the English author, is an instructor in English literature at the school for boys in Pottstown, Pa.

Chicago claims that her Mr. Samuel Dexter, president of Harvard's class of 1890, is the first Western man ever chosen president of a class at that university.

The East Boston High School girls have obtained wooden guns, and will hereafter participate in military drills in connection with their calisthenic exercises.

Harvard has graduated three Presidents, two Vice-Presidents, eighteen Cabinet officers, three Speakers of the House of Representatives and four Supreme Court Justices.

The *Williams Weekly* says that the grade of scholarship has fallen so low in the Sophomore class as to provoke from the Faculty "comment and an investigation, which revealed a state of affairs that might well discourage any body of professors."

The rebuilding of Wells College, at Aurora, N. Y., recently burned, has commenced. Mrs. Cleveland, who is a trustee of the college and president of the Alumnae Association, has taken great interest in raising funds for the college. The new structure will cost \$100,000.

A new publication is to be undertaken by Princeton College, to be undertaken by Princeton College, to be called the *Princeton College Bulletin*. It will be issued quarterly. President Patton will be general editor, Prof. A. F. Frothingham, Jr., will have charge of the philosophical department, Prof. A. F. West will attend to the literary department, and Prof. S. W. F. Magie and W. S. Scott will have charge of the scientific department.

According to the *New York Mail and Express* the greatest absolutely necessary expenses for a man during one year at various American colleges are to be found at Harvard and Yale, at which the lowest possible expenses for a year are \$700 and \$650 respectively. At the other extreme in the matter of expense are Lehigh, Bucknell, University of Tennessee and Rensselaer, where necessary expenses range from \$200 to \$275 a year. The sum necessary at Madison is placed at \$300. The annual tuition at Yale is \$150.

An undergraduate of New College, Oxford, has been sent down for writing skits on the dons in an undergraduate paper. A petition in his favor signed by two hundred members of the college had no effect on the magnates. But stupid tyranny at New College is by no means a novelty, for some years since the undergraduates were sent down in a body because one of them ventured to break a don's window. The victim's colleagues assembled in force to witness his departure, and drew his cab to the station.

Among the Greek letter societies of American colleges a new feature, which has appeared within a few years in the co-educational colleges, is the organization of Greek letter societies among the ladies. Syracuse University has no less than three of these. One of them, the Alpha Phi, founded in 1872, has just held its seventh convention with the parent chapter in Syracuse. The society has four chapters, all very prosperous—those of Syracuse, Boston, Northwestern and De Pauw Universities, and over 300 members. It is very careful to accept chapters only from first grade collegiate institutions, and is ambitious of maintaining a high intellectual rank. It is popular and successful in Syracuse, and is the first ladies' society to found a chapter house, now in successful operation near the university grounds.

The annual catalogue of Harvard University shows a gain in nearly all the nine departments, the total number of students being 1899, against 1812 last year. The number of officers rises to 245, against 228 last year. Of these, 198 are teachers. The largest gains are among regular undergraduates and students in the divinity, scientific and dental schools. No changes are made in the requirements for admission to the college, but the scientific school abolishes Latin as one of its requirements for admission, and presents marked changes in its courses of study. A course in electrical engineering is introduced, giving candidates entering the school their choice of five departments—civil engineering, chemistry, geology, biology or electrical engineering. When the student has once made his choice of a department, his four-years' course of study is thereafter prescribed for him. The significance of this modification of the elective system is apparent. The graduate department contains ninety-five students holding degrees from thirty-two different universities. Among the undergraduates are thirty-three men admitted to advance standing from other colleges.

ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE, EGHAM.—The Royal Holloway College will begin its second session on the 2d of October, with 46 students and a resident staff of 7 lecturers. Mr. T. H. Muirhead, Balliol College, Oxford, M. A., has been appointed Classical Professor and Lecturer in Mental Philosophy, and Mr. S. H. Loney, Fellow of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, Mathematical Professor. The new laboratory, which includes a large lecture room and working accommodation for 22 students in chemistry, as well as two smaller rooms for biology and physics, is just finished, and will be used in the coming term. The majority of the students during the first session have worked for the examinations of the University of London. At the Matriculation Examination 8 students of the College passed, 3 in the Honours Division and 5 in Division I. At the Intermediate Examination in Science 2 passed, Miss Whiteley in Division I. At the Intermediate Examination in Arts 2 passed, Miss Taylor in Division I., and Miss Sian in Division II., with honours (First in the 2d Class) in French.

Some interesting statistics appear in the United States Report on Education. The number of universities and colleges is exactly the same as ten years ago, in spite of the fact that some have died out and others have sprung up. During the same time the number of students has increased from 32,316 to 41,164, and the attendance in each college has increased twenty-four students on the average. These statistics are a favorable sign that the mania for founding new colleges is dying, while at the same time the people recognize that it is better to patronize institutions already in existence. Our surplus of colleges has threatened to become a nuisance. Were our efforts confined to improving our most powerful universities, we might well hope to rival the German universities. Even New England has found it profitable to diminish her small number of educational institutions. In the last decade the number of her colleges has decreased by three; New York has lost two. In the Southern States, twenty-three colleges have died out, while the number of students has increased eleven hundred.

A movement has been set on foot by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts to send an American archaeologist to Egypt, and to forward for the Boston Museum of Fine Arts some of the sculptures which are being unearthed.

Dr. Goddard, H. U. '81, has been secured for the work and is now engaged in preliminary study at the Louvre in Paris, preparatory to joining Narth in December, in his explorations.

The Archaeological Institute, through Professor Norton, has subscribed largely to the fund and takes a great interest in the work.

Already there has been secured from Bubastis, which Herodotus considered the most beautiful of all Egyptian temples, an exquisite colossal face of Hathor, the Egyptian Venus, which will probably be accompanied by a top-piece of the lotus-columns of the temple. As fast as the sculptures are received they will be placed in the Egyptian department of the

Boston Museum of Fine Arts, where they will form the most interesting collection of Egyptian antiquities in America, and will also be of great value from an artistic point of view.

This is the first time an American has been engaged in these explorations and for this reason, aside from the value of the results, the undertaking is of great interest, not only to archaeologists, but also to all students of biblical history and all interested in fine arts.

The faculty at Brown have adopted a new policy by which fewer studies are pursued simultaneously, and the work in each compartment is made more compact.

"Many people," says the *St. James's Gazette*, "imagine that the universities of Oxford and Cambridge are very wealthy corporations. This is a mistake; they never were so, and in these days, when they provide for the teaching of a crowd of subjects which a hundred years ago lay practically or wholly outside a university education, they have to observe the strictest economy. This is especially the case at Cambridge, where the university is sadly crippled in discharging its proper functions through lack of money. There are scarcely any public lecture rooms; the professors and other teachers of natural sciences are vainly lamenting the wretchedly insufficient appliances provided for their work, and the university library, and indeed every institution needful for the advance of the studies of the place, are pinched for funds."

Now that there are 266 colleges for women only, and 207 co-educational colleges, it is interesting to note that it was just one hundred years ago that Mary Wollstonecraft made the first demand that society should provide for women opportunities for the highest education. Ten years later Hannah More's book, "Strictures on Female Education," appeared, and in 1819 Emma Willard made the first appeal on record in this country for State aid in the higher education of women. The Boston public schools did not admit girls until long years after their establishment, and it was not until 1828 that girls were admitted to all grades below the high school. Then gradually there were established girls' boarding-schools, female seminaries and colleges, and constant effort was all the time being made to get girls admitted to the universities and colleges devoted to the education of boys.

Speaking of the higher education of women, the world ought not to forget that in the time of Queen Anne, nearly one hundred years before its advocacy by Mary Wollstonecraft, the subject was brought forward by Mary Astell, author of a work published about the year 1697, entitled "A Serious Proposal to Ladies for the Advancement of their True and Greatest Interest, wherein a Method is offered for the Improvement of their Minds." This zealous pioneer of her sex also formed a plan for a ladies' college, which her majesty at first was graciously inclined to look on with favor. Owing to the opposition of Bishop Burnet, the royal patronage was withheld and the scheme came to naught. The question here arises, Did the author of "Rasselas"—from his wide range of reading familia, no doubt, with the writings of Mary Astell—have that progressive woman in mind in the creation of Nekayah, sister of the hero-prince, the confidant and companion of his flight from the Happy Valley, and sharer of his wanderings? In the last chapter, it will be remembered, where the little party of five amused themselves by an interchange of views and projects, it is stated that "the Princess thought that of all sublimity things knowledge was the best: she desired first to learn all sciences, and then proposed to found a college of learned women, in which she would preside, that, by conversing with the old and educating the young, she might divide her time between the acquisition and communication of wisdom, and raise up for the next age models of prudence and patterns of piety." The book appearing in 1759, Johnson's "Princess" antedated Tennyson's by 112 years.

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